CALIFUR 2009

CONFURENCE 2
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THE ADVENTURES CONTINUE
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CALIFUR-1
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Eight
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NOW SHOWING
CONFURENCE III
1994: ConFurence V
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RULES OF CONDUCT

GENERAL CONDUCT:

Please use common sense and respect others' right to enjoy the event. Remember that any activity which is illegal outside the event is still illegal inside the event. Event Staff may ask you to stop an activity or take it to a private room. Repeat offenders may be required to leave the event. Please also note that the event staff retains the right to deny entry to anyone and that you can be asked to leave at any time without warning or particular infraction to these stated rules of conduct.

MEDIA POLICY:

As per our policy, the staff has decided not to allow ANY media coverage at the event without PRIOR approval. Attendees purchasing a membership agree not to act as media agents in any way, shape, or form while attending our event. Making photographic, audio or video recordings of any Convention event for investigative or commercial purposes is strictly forbidden.

HOTEL:

As a Califur attendee, you are a guest of the hotel and must abide by the hotel's rules and policies whenever you are on the premises. If you are expelled from the hotel for violation of their rules, you immediately forfeit your event membership. You are responsible for any damage you cause to hotel property. The event space and public spaces within the hotel are not sleeping areas. This includes hallways, the lobby, and public rest rooms.

HARASSMENT AND ASSAULT:

Harassment is defined as any behavior that intentionally annoys or alarms another person. This includes any unwanted physical contact, following someone around a public area without a legitimate reason, or threatening to physically attack someone. Please remember that if you approach someone and they tell you no or to leave them alone, your business with them is done. If you do not leave them alone as they have requested, your actions may be grounds for a complaint of harassment. If you feel that you are being harassed, or you have been assaulted, please report the matter immediately to event security or staff.

WEAPONS:

Blade weapons such as daggers and swords are acceptable provided they have been peace bonded such that they obviously cannot be drawn. Water guns of any sort are NOT acceptable, even when obviously not real weapons, due to the potential for damage to hotel property, etc. Silly String is subject to the same restrictions for the same reasons. For the safety and comfort of Califur guests, firearms should not be brought to Califur without prior permission from Califur executive staff.

UNDERAGE MEMBERS:

Minors under the age of 16 will not be permitted at this event without being accompanied with a parent or guardian. For a Minor to attend, a parent or guardian must fill out the Califur Parental Content form and bring the completed form to the event or mail it to: Fenec Adventures,Re: Califur 2009,Post Office Box 1376, Lemon Grove, CA 91946-1376.

VIOLATIONS AND APPEALS:

Violation of these policies will be handled by Event Staff as deemed appropriate. Violators will be asked to cease and desist. Violators may be asked to exit the event. Disciplinary action may be appealed to the Event Directors. Decisions made by event directors are final..

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Hello All Explorers,

I, Zsa'nene (Zee) Stevens like to welcome all our new and old explorer's from near and far that have been able to come this year to Califur to join us on our Safari. I really hope everyone enjoys their Safari trip.

I hope that all you explorer's enjoy our new hotel that we are at this year. All you explorer's will have new space to go exploring. We have a lot of events and functions for you to enjoy this year. We would love for all you explorer's to come and join us next year for our Comic Book theme that we have planned for everyone.

I think It's important at this time to take a moment to recognize all the furs that work so hard every year to make this con happen for all furries who wish to attend I hope to continue to see all the wonderful people that have been their for us and all the new friends we have made this year. Hopefully we will continue to grow and make new friends every year.

I can not wait to see all our furry friends that we have made over the year next year.

Zsa'nene (Zee) Stevens
Califur Chairwoman

The Exotic Feline Breeding Compound's

Feline Conservation Center

A wildcat zoo and research center dedicated to the protection and preservation of endangered felines

Ever been Eye-to-Eye with a LEOPARD?

Looking for an interesting place to visit? The Feline Conservation Center is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) wild feline breeding facility operated by the Exotic Feline Breeding Compound (EFBC). Natural habitat cages offer close-up viewing of some of the world's rarest cats. We are located in Rosamond, California, just over an hour's drive north of Los Angeles on Highway 14 (the Antelope Valley freeway). EFBC/FCC houses over 75 wild cats ranging in size from the diminutive margay to larger species such as leopards, tigers, and jaguars. Visit EFBC/FCC and learn more about some of nature's most majestic creatures.

Our Amur leopard, North Chinese leopard, Jaguar, Fishing Cat, and Pallas's Cat breeding programs are renowned worldwide. Amur leopards are one of the most endangered big cats in the world today, with less than 50 estimated to survive on the borders of Russia, China, and North Korea. We house the world's most genetically diverse captive collection of Amur leopards.

You'll be only a few feet away from these beautiful animals as you stroll the grounds at your leisure. Visit us any day except Wednesday. EFBC/FCC is open between 10 am and 4 pm Thursday-Tuesday (also closed Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, and 15 August 2009). General admission fee $5, seniors 60+ $4, children 3-12 $3. Children under age 3 free. Guided group tours are available for schools and organizations. Call 661-256-3793 during our business hours for more information.

PHOTO BIOGRAPHIES OF BIG GAME HUNTERS:

ZSA'NENE (ZEE) STEVENS (AKA TIGEREYES):

Chairwoman. Been in the furry fandom since ConFurence 3. I have worked as a volunteer for ConFurence along with security and from there I did Co-Chair of ConFurence then when Califur got started I helped with Registration and Co-Chair for a couple of year. Then I became the Chair of Califur and love being a Furry.

RAINHOPPER:

Califur co-chair. Rain is a strange critter. He's a Detroit native, raised in north Florida and resident of southern California. Its often suggested that he's powered by pancakes and Mtn. Dew, though this has never been confirmed. If you see him, don't startle him! Offer him an alfalfa cube and he may stop to talk!

HOLLIS STEVENS (AKA BLACKEYES):

Head of CFAC. I got into the fandom during the Confurence years which I was part of the CFAC crew. When Califur started I became the head of the department and been it ever since. If there is anything else you need from me just let me know.

WAGGS:

Con-Ops lead. Lives with Rainhopper at the AFH (Anaheim FurHouse)

PHOTO BIOGRAPHIES OF NOT SO BIG GAME HUNTERS:

HELLFYRE:

Head of registration and human resources, member of the furry fandom since 1993. Hellfyre runs DragonRO, an online Ragnarok Online server, as well as a Left4Dead dedicated server and DragonRO. He's an IT consultant for a broadcasting company and running custom servers.

GLEN WOOTEN:

Art Show/Art Auction. A firm believer in enlightened self interest, he saw a need and filled it. Knowing the danger of being at the prow, he is quite happy enough to be the man behind the curtain. Well aware that he does not play well with others, he'll give you a well-planned whatever he's working on - assuming you don't get in his way. And... just don't get in his way.

ROD O'RILEY (AKA VINSON MINK)

Programming Lead. Co-founded ConFurence (the first furry-themed convention), and runs programming for Califur. He is often identified as one of the founding members of organized furry fandom, along with his long time mate, Mark Merlino. Rodney is the editor and chief writer of InFurNation.com, a furry news-zine and blog site.

VIDWULF:

Conbook lead. This is who you blame for all the typos and mistakes, no not really, he's a great guy and did a bang up job with all the changes that were made. He's a black dire wolf with a heart of gold and if you need anything, just ask him, he's always happy to help.

!
TALUTIE09

GUESTS OF HONOR

BONNIE CALLAHAN

Is a local artist who has loved animals since early childhood. Raised in Van Nuys, Ca. Budgies and outdoor stray cats were her companions in the mid-1960s. In her teens she learned to create photographic pencil renderings of cats. Later, she took up photography and recorded her various encounters with many more animals; pets, zoo denizens, and occasional wildlife.

While being a great lover of cartoons from an early age she never dreamt of a career in the field. With no actual art school experience, she acted on the recommendation of her dentist's receptionist and showed a portfolio to Bakshi Studios. This led to an ink and paint job on "Lord of the Rings" in 1978. In the 1980's and '90's, she worked her way up into a position as background designer for Hanna Barbera Studios. Many of their cartoon series dealt with anthropomorphic animals, and Callahan learned how to cartoon these characters, as well as design her own.

Ms. Callahan and her husband came to be contributors to many animal protection societies, as well as rescuing strays from the streets and supporting colleagues in the same endeavors.

In 2003, Ms. Callahan executed a series of illustrations of "cat-people" for a client (Malcolm Willits, the longtime owner of Collectors Bookstore in Hollywood) who was publishing a book titled "Shakespeare's Cat"

2 THE RANTING GRYPHON!!!!!!!!!!

2 Gryphon is something of a furry legend. Originally a composer for video game music, he first gained fanfare in 1999 when he released a few of his now infamous rants which were instantly popular and propelled him to the life of a regular stage comedian.

Ever since, 2 has been a mainstay of the furry community and has expanded his unique sense of humor and wit through his popular 2 Sense internet radio show and through his on-going live comedy show.

Has recently expanded his horizons into the video space, producing award winning on-line video rants and of his famous comedy show.

EVENTS:

2 THE RANTING GRYPHON:
He's back! And fresh from the outback with new tales to tell. You don't want to miss this event and certainly don't show up late. And for the love of baby-back ribs put away the cell-phone!!

ART SHOW:
We're still growing and aim to bring top notch furry artists to you at prices worth competing for! This year bid on an exclusive one-of-a-kind item ... this year's conbook proof print signed by all the Califur staff!

20 YEARS OF FURRY CONVENTIONS:
Ever wonder where this word "Furry" came from? Well, meet some of the very first furs of the modern fandom. Hear stuff you wont find on the History channel straight from the ones who were there in this special celebration celebrating 20 years and counting. We promise there wont be any stories involving onions on belts (which we hear was the fashion at the time).

SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS (SIGS):
Discussion panels that tackle a wide range of topics of interest to the fandom including: Animation, body painting, books, Christian furries, felines, furotica, furry drawing, fursuiting, hoofers, greymuzzles, live gaming, mustelids, pagan furries, puppetry, reptiles, Second Life, wolves, video shooting (try not to pop) and more!

CABARET FUR LE DANCE:
Back again this year is the famous Cabaret. Be teased and tantalized in this Califur exclusive event. Adults Only!

P.A.N.T ADULTS-ONLY PANEL:
Due to popular demand, Califur is holding its first P.A.N.T adults-only panel. Come join the fun as artwork meets hilarious commentary; where audience participation is encouraged! Don't miss this chance to see gigabytes worth of artwork, commentary by Oggywolf, Vidwulf, and YOU!

PET AUCTION:
Another Califur Original, once again hosted by 2 himself! If you're in the market for pet or are a pet in need of a master, this is the place to go.

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"WHAT?" K'Leah and Ka'Mari yelled in unison, they stared at there mother in shock. The twins had to be hearing things. There was no way they were about to spend the next 2 months of there summer vacation in Africa.
"You heard me, and my decision is final ..." The spotted feline crossed her arms, her long lean body accentuating her stance
"... You two need to learn something about your history ... If not, I'm really not sure if you'll have a future" The older cheetah turned on her foot paw, graceful as ever, her tail whipping behind her and left her twins standing there in shock. However what the younger felines didn't see was their mother hiding the tear that flowed down her face.
"K'Leah... this is all your fault, You had to go and get into that fight with that lioness from down the street"
"She rolled her eyes at me, you know I don't play that crap, that slut got me bent. But lets not forget your incident when you were out trying to join the 123rd street PRIDE. When mom bailed you out of jail she was heated ... I thought she was going to skin you then and there."
"Whatever it ain't my fault." The 16 year old threw on his hoody, grabbed his basketball and headed for the front door dribbling it along the way. Leaving the home and slamming the door.
Living in the City of Angels had hardened the cubs, there innocence long since shattered. It's tough growing up in the inner city, It's even tougher growing up in a single parent home. Eve had been trying hard to keep her babies from following the streets, but sadly the influence of peer pressure is even more then that of motherly love. Working as a nurse required long hours and even longer amounts of patience. This safari was the perfect, It would give the older cheetah a chance to bond with her babies and get them away from the desolation that was slowly destroying them. It would cost her life savings but money meant nothing to her if she lost her kittens.
K'Leah use to be a straight A student, she use to put her all into her studies, now all she does is put her all into boy's, talking on the phone and more boys. Her brother Ka'Mari on the other hand use to be the perfect gentleman, now he was becoming nothing but a low level thug. Eve had enough, the next week they were off to Tanzania.

The male cheetah was growling a bit as he looked out of the jeep, there tour guide with some funny talking hyena. The felines turned up the rap music in his ear, rocking to the beat that was drowning out the heavy accent of the canid steering the vehicle. The young female feline was flipping through her own magazine she brought for this trip. Eve was distraught, looking back at her kittens getting farther and farther away from her she turned to enjoy the trip with a sigh. Till the sudden jerk of the car.
The loud gunshot rang out 4 pairs of ears swiveled towards the west, a feral cheetah falling as she was mere inches from her own kittens. Her body collapsing in the sight of the 4 creatures, they were stunned speechless as the anthromorphic lion moved forward sliding another shell into barrel of his riffle. He took aim as the 2 cubs hissed and chirped feebly for there mother to protect them, but alas the sound of another shot echoed through the plains.
Ka'Mari growled as he watched the poacher cage the 2 kittens there yelps of help going unheard as he tossed there mother into the truck as well, no doubt killed for her fur. He wanted to rip that lion to shreds ... how dare he take a life so easily. How could he destroy a family so easily... How could he cause so much pain ... but that was exactly what Ka'Mari was planning to do at home. Joining that game required him offing some random stranger, taking a life of some one he didn't know, his claws unclenched as he realized he was no better then that poacher that took the life of what could have the decedents of his ancestors.
K'Leah on the other hand had tears running down her face, she looked into the eyes of the cubs, there cries piercing her ears and heart as the criminal took of into the distance. She could only imagine what would happen to those poor little ones, she closed her eyes and tried not to imagine the grotesque things possible
Eve sighed and bowed her head, there was nothing anyone could do, the radio in the jeep was useless and the lion was long gone " It really is amazing what motherly instinct will do, even in her last seconds her thoughts were to protect her babies" She looked back over the seat to the twins and smiled softly as 2 eyes connected with 4, "I can understand her need... what mother wouldn't lay down every thing they have for her children" she smiled softly and turned back as the twins ears instinctively pinned down, both pairs of eyes shifting down to the floor. The jeep road of into the distance not much being said after that.

1 year later, Eve stood by at the grave side, here head hung low and shaking , tears running down her face as she touched the brown box holding the felines body, K'Leah stood closer to her mother clinging to her, they had grown closer since the incident at the safari. It truly made her appreciate her mother, she had even managed to raise her grades to a solid B average, she had already received her confirmation letter for collage where she would take up Feral Zoology Veterinary medicine was now her goal. The two ladies watched as the casket slowly descended several people walking by and paying there respects to the heart broken family. Eve and K'Leah got up turning to leave the male cheetah to return to the earth. They walked towards the family car that the funeral home had provided entering in and finding Ka'Mari looking out of the window. He couldn't stand the thought of watching them bury his grandfather, he sighed as the females entered Eve sitting between both of her kits and purring a bit as she hugged them close to her Ka'Mari like his slightly older sister had made a total change since watching the injustice so long ago caused by the poacher. He was now holding down a solid A- average in school and planned on entering the police force after exiting school.
The Anderson family was now whole... they had every thing they needed in each other, there was nothing the streets could offer them, to bring them down. As they left the graveyard heading home they wondered what was in store for them.

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NOT-SO-SLIGHT REGRET BY TALARIS SHURAN

Pain. A searing, all-encompassing pain enveloped the fox's body, dulling his senses. His vision was blurred, his nose burned with the smell of smoke and burning flesh. His body felt restrained somehow, around his waist and across his chest.

Suddenly the restraints broke and Luke fell flat on his face, the burning sensation lancing through his entire frame. He tried to shout out, but the cry turned into a racking cough as his lungs filled with more of the acrid smoke.

An undetermined amount of time passed before he stood slowly and shakily, finally taking a look around. It all came flooding back, why he was here...

"You must understand, Mister Thomas, whether or not we share ancestry with these creatures is a moot point. They are feral...Uncivilized. For God's sake they'd kill you if they had the chance, can't you see that?!" Luke glanced up at the elderly lion from his seat in the private jet and simply smirked.

"One, we're already nearly there so I see no point in trying to convince me to rethink this. Two, I've never listened to you before, Oliver, so why should I now? And three, you signed off on this yourself. You shouldn't be having any objections." He took a sip of coffee from the cup in his paws and drove his point home. "Besides...it's your predecessors down there. Wouldn't you like to meet your own archetype?" Oliver took a deep breath and sighed.

"Alright then, Mister Thomas, I concede. And to answer your questions, yes and no. I 'signed off on this' as you so eloquently put to -protect- you. I have kept you from worse your entire life and I'm not about to let these damned ferals have their way with your corpse."

Luke shook his head, attempting to clear his cluttered thoughts. The disturbing silence implied he was the only one left alive for miles, if he was lucky. If he wasn't, then what Oliver had feared would soon come to pass.

"I'm sorry, Oliver..." Luke muttered, coughing violently and barely holding himself up. He took another look around the wreckage and his own fears were confirmed. Both the pilot (whose name Luke had never bothered to learn) and Oliver were dead, their charred remains too gruesome for him to behold for more than a few seconds.

Reaching under what once was his seat, Luke slid out a large, rectangular metal case, the polished material slightly blackened from smoke. The fox shook his head again and unfastened at least a dozen latches, opening the lid carefully. Inside there were several pieces of a disassembled hunting rifle and a large carton of ammo.

"Peaceful trip? I don't think so..." He smiled in spite of the circumstances and set about putting together his weapon, "Laughing your head off wherever you are, eh Oliver? Well I'm making sure I don't come to meet you too soon."

Hours later and Luke was stumbling around some grassy plains in what he deemed the middle of nowhere. His body still hurt all over, but hunger soon became prominent. The fox recalled that one could survive nearly two weeks without food, but less than half that without water. He hoped to the God he didn't really believe in he'd find civilization before then.

"No such luck." He grumbled to no one, "Ugh...I'm surprised I haven't gone feral myself after this long." The words had barely left his lips when his pointed ears perked and twitched. Something was wrong.

The grass was no taller than his waist, and yet Luke saw nothing beyond the gentle breeze making the foliage sway gently to and fro. His ears twitched once more, and now his nose wriggled too. Two senses were warning him of danger and that was one too many to ignore. He lifted the rifle, set the stock against his shoulder, and looked through the sight suspiciously, now alert for any break in the pattern of swaying grass. Luke's tightly focused attention on the space ahead gave him no opportunity to check behind, however.

In an instant he was bowled over, pinned face down into the dirt by something he only recognized as deadly. Heated breath washed over him in waves and a new, sharper pain pierced his back. Luke couldn't move even an inch, however much he struggled.

Waiting for the inevitable, Luke noticed a shift in whatever was keeping him pinned. He wasted no time in rolling to the side, his weapon still within reach, and firing the entire clip blind.

The loud pops of gunfire faded and his adrenaline wore down. He rolled over, getting up on his knees and turning his head to get a glance at what the fox hoped was a fresh kill.

The Safari he'd planned hadn't even begun, and it was already a disaster.

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09

UNOPENED CLOSURE WRITTEN BY: IC

He was staring off in the distance as a taxi approached and honked as it parked. The door opened and a duffle bag was tossed in the backseat as the passenger slowly entered the vehicle concealing an envelope and a small silver urn.

The driver cleaned his glasses and noticed a 'sold' sign on the lawn, "Hey there buddy, for leaving such a big house you sure pack light." With the click of a seat belt the passenger replied, "That life is over with, that's nothing more than an empty building to me now."

Silence filled the vehicle until the driver locked the doors and shifted the engine into drive. "So, I guess we're off to the airport, you planning on taking a trip?" "I'm not sure, there's some unfinished business I have to take care of, but I might just stay there." The passenger gave the house one last look as the taxi drove off.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, I'm Rich, your friendly driver." He said while pointing at a happy face sticker near his identification on the back of his seat. "Pardon me if I'm not spreading the joy Rich, but I've been through a lot recently."

Rich scratched his neck thinking of a way to change the subject, "Seems like everyones having a rough time, where are you headed?" "South Africa", he replied "Then I'll figure the rest out. I just sold my house and I have a friend who needs an extra mechanic in Kenya, but money isn't much of an issue right now."

"Hmm, well that's good. I always dreamed of taking a trip like that, but I barely get by on my salary. It's hard to save up when you got extra mouths to feed at home." The passenger let out a sigh, "I'd rather be in your shoes."

"You wouldn't wanna be an old man driving people around all the time just to get by, you have your whole life ahead of you." "Not really Rich, I'm actually leaving everything behind. I'm taking this trip because it was my mate's wish, I'm going to South Africa and spreading these ashes along the Indian Ocean. I don't even know what I'm gonna do after that, but I'm getting away from here, there's too many memories of things that should have been."

Rich concentrated on the road, trying his best to think of anything positive to say, but as time passed there was nothing to say. He wasn't used to the silence in his taxi, but he remained quiet. They were within view of the airport and he felt it was right to cheer up his passenger. It wasn't until he noticed the passenger was

looking at an envelope. "So, you have some letter to deliver?"

The passenger smiled, "My mate wrote this letter when we were dating." Rich laughed, "I wouldn't have guessed you were the romantic type. Did you keep all of your love letters?"

"Not exactly, when we first met it was rough. Our parents didn't get along and we thought our relationship would never last, so we decided to write a letter to each other that expressed our feelings for one another. We wrote this letter before we got our first apartment, we agreed to share our feelings about the present and future, knowing there was a possibility it wouldn't last. Just a pact we made, expressing pure emotion and honesty if the relationship didn't work out. We both wanted to remain friends no matter what happened."

"Well." Rich said with a grin, "Why don't you open the letter? It might be the answer to your questions. I'm also the romantic type, I still bring flowers to my mate."

Only a smile remained on the passenger, he held the urn and looked at Rich. "It answered most of my questions without being opened, but you just reminded me why it was written. I think we're close enough, the airport is only a few blocks from here and I feel like taking a walk to clear my mind."

Rich pulled over to the side of the road rolling the window down, "Thanks for riding the friendly roads."

The passenger tossed his duffle bag over a shoulder and urn under his free arm, he slid in some cash with a generous tip along with an envelope and handed it to Rich. "Thanks for talking, I'm going to put everything to rest and find some work in Kenya. Me and my mate always did things together, and I think it's only fair to share my last moment as a kiss than a memory we couldn't share. Do something special for that family of yours."

Not fully understanding what the passenger meant, Rich noticed that one of the dollar bills covered the entire fee for the drive. He was still very curious, and carefully unfolded the letter. The faded ink suddenly made everything very clear. Teardrops began to show pristine dots on a dusty and aged envelope.

"To my soul mate:

Well, I'm not sure what I should say, I always ask for your advice but you told me this was something I had to do alone. I guess I should start from our relationship. We've only been together a year but it feels like the biggest part of my life. Right now I'm happy with everything, and when I'm not happy you make everything right. I don't know what will happen in the future, I'm not even thinking about it. I just like how things are now.

Sometimes I think we're searching for problems, and it scares me. I really don't like when you always focus on bad things. I don't like it when you tell me how life is, we both made it this far without each other and we should just enjoy it. You keep doing things for me when I should do them on my own. I still remember when I visited my family and told you I felt alone, you drove all the way there just to see me and made me feel better, but it made me upset. You almost lost your job because I felt lonely.

The other day I had a nightmare and you asked me what was wrong. I didn't want to tell you, but I had a dream that you died trying to save me. Since then I've done nothing but think about all the things I've done wrong. I hate when I put you in bad situations, the times we go out and I start trouble. You're always willing to fight for me even when I'm wrong. I regret every time we argue. Most of the time it's over nothing, and I'm sorry for letting everything build up and taking my frustrations out on you.

There's things I would miss about you. I like how you never fall asleep until I do, and how you say my snoring is your lullaby when I don't even snore. I love how your arms will never let me go unless I ask you, and how you pretend to let me go when I'm grumpy then you hold me tight again. I would miss how you raise an eyebrow every time I make a dumb joke, and you laugh any ways to make me feel better. I would miss how you tickle me when I'm feeling bad, and you tell me what I want to hear. I would miss how you tether your tail around my waist when you know I'm scared, you always give me confidence when everything feels so impossible.

When I feel the whole world has forgotten me, you make me feel alive. I don't know how I could live without you. If you could ever do one thing for me, make sure you smile more. It always brightens my day, you're the only person in the world who means it when you do it. I wish that no matter what happens we will always be best friends forever.

I will always love you."

The silence was broken by a humble sigh.

Sometimes things don't work out as you'd expect, yet a smile remains of an unforseen possibility.

Achievement Safari

By "Chance"

Nose No Baundories: Get 5 Nose beeps Each Day

On Sofori: Stay all 3 days at Calitur

Corpe Nocterm: Go to bed at sunrise

How Much Is That Furry In The Window? Attend The Pet Auction

Photo Affinity: Be in 10 photos you were not intended to be in

Marking Your Territory: Claim a good spot for the fursuit parade

Con Artist: Receive 3 free commissions

Keeping It Alive: Be up past midnight having a party

Kicking It Old School: Wear a Conference badge

Winds Of Change: Fight over your room temperature unknowingly

Up Up And Away: Upload 20 Photos before Calitur ends

First Impressions: Thank 10 Marriott Employees

Depth Of Left Field: Sneak up behind a known fursuiter

Shutter Bug: Take 1000 photos before Calitur ends

Two's A Crowd: Attend 2 The Ranting Gryphon's Show

Hound Dog: Participate in the Treasure Hunt

Got The Munchies: Eat 4 or more meals in a day

De Jo'vu: Unknowingly be in the same place you were an hour ago

Photo Finished: Fill up all your memory cards

Dance Dance En Motion: Dance with 4 separate furs at a dance

Strike Down Stor Struck: Get a hug from that one furry idol

Pantamime: Be a translator for fursuiters

Gopher It: Go for it and volunteer

Counter Productive: Locate a friend within line of sight by cellphone

Squeaky Clean: Follow the 6-2-1 rule every day

Welcome Home: Obtain a fursuit hug less than 10 minutes at arrival

Circular: Inform a friend of the achievements and help them obtain one

Don't Act, BE: As a fursuiter, don't break character during the entire convention

FurConCountDown.Net

Ushujaa (Lifetime Members)

Blue Jaguar
Trigger Happy Squirrel

Nyuki (Patrons)

Jean-Paul Allee - Ravenwolf Foxtrack
Daniel Ambriz - Gabriel LaVedier
Victor Arenas - CoyotlNelli
Kerry Ashwood - Sandoz The Megatherium
Adam Bingham - General Husky
Jolynn Burger - Rhawy
Vincent Cardinale - Berg Polarbear
Christoper Charles - Shadowfax
Nicholas Cubero II - Wolf
Joshu Dallagiacomo - Coldfire
Chuck Fowler - FirePaws
Saul Frausto - Phoenix Audubon
Dareus Green - Zephyr
Michael Griffith - Mykael
Mira K Hall - Lady Rumplestiltskin
Bryant Hoover - Drex
Dale Koopman - Voychael
Wesley Melton - Hunter
Ken Nielsen
Lisa Pitrman - Layla
Joe Prescott - Bluestripe
Norman Rabben - Shadowfoot
Arthur Schnitzer - Shard Wolf
Kay Shapero - Calico
Joshua Simon - Lunarwolf Fluffy
Zsanene Stevens - TigerEyes
Stefan Walls - Straitfox
Andre Williams - Meanbeard
Tank Winters - Trapa

USHINDI (SPONSORS)

Manuel Alvarez - Rubberkitten
Jessica Batiste - Kotia
Anthony Benton - Baka Neko
Brooks Buncher - DZ
Nathan Carnes - Bleedwolf
Marcos Castaneda - Dances with Death
Justin Chan - Vidwulf
Matthew Christofferson - Kalemendrax
Raymond Collazo - Stego
Gabriel Collazo - Vircoo
Rochelle Gibbons - Oggy Wolf
Zachary Goodman - Locrian
Michael Heist - Lupinetiger
Keith Henrickson - Flipper
Kristopher Holcomb - JohnConnor2029
David Horne - Query
Joshua Hughes - Shadarack Tailroam
Ben Kight - NavyHusky
Tim Labor - Glyder
Marko Laine - Marko T. Rat
Christapher McCabe - Skylar Wing
Tulloch McKinley - Virus
Devin McLaughlin - Torin
Brian McMahan - Belunar
Molly McRhoads - Venice Fox
Kevin Morey - Charli Wolf
Keiji Morita - KG
Alan Moses - Waggs
Benjamin Kim - Firewolf
Chung Ng - Kithrak
Andrew Knight - Tabbicus
Christopher Palmer - Cyfur
Anthony Palomo - Krew
Nick Patience - Dransiin
Jeremy Portz - Goobtdog
Robert Roehm - Turin Aramaia
Matthew Rose - SpitFire Dragon
John Rowe II - Doubleofox
Sean Singer - Baxter
Louis Valenzuela - LouDog
Kathryn Villabille - Eris Valgen
Michelle Villabille
Duke Walls - Capt. Midnight
Mary Watson - Kat the Leopardess

2010 Werewolf Calendar
featuring the talents of
Balaa
Dark Natasha
Goldenwolf
Khaosdog
Lobawolf
Myenia
Rayndancer
Synnabar
Therese Larsson
Thornwolf
Vantid
Zakka
Zowolf
pre-order
Sept 1st 2009
www.WerewolfCalendar.com

ASANTE SANA (SQUASH BANANA)

IRVINE MARRIOTT
AND ALL THE STAFF, ASANTE SANA!

2 THE RANTING GRYPHON!
BONNIE CALLAHAN

FOSSIL - COVER
REDRUMWOLF - COLOR T-SHIRT
ISIL BASTET - CONBOOK/ADVERTISING ARTIST
OGGYWOLF - CONBOOK
VIDWULF SPIRITWEAVER - CONBOOK LEAD

ARTISTS AND CONTRIBUTORS:
Isil Bastet: 3, 15, 25
Lady Rumplestiltskin: 4
Talutie: 8
amtrack88: 11
Bucky: 14
Redrumwolf: 16, 24
Anya D. Serval: 18
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WRITERS:
Essex Ninetails: 12 - 14
Talaris: 19 - 20
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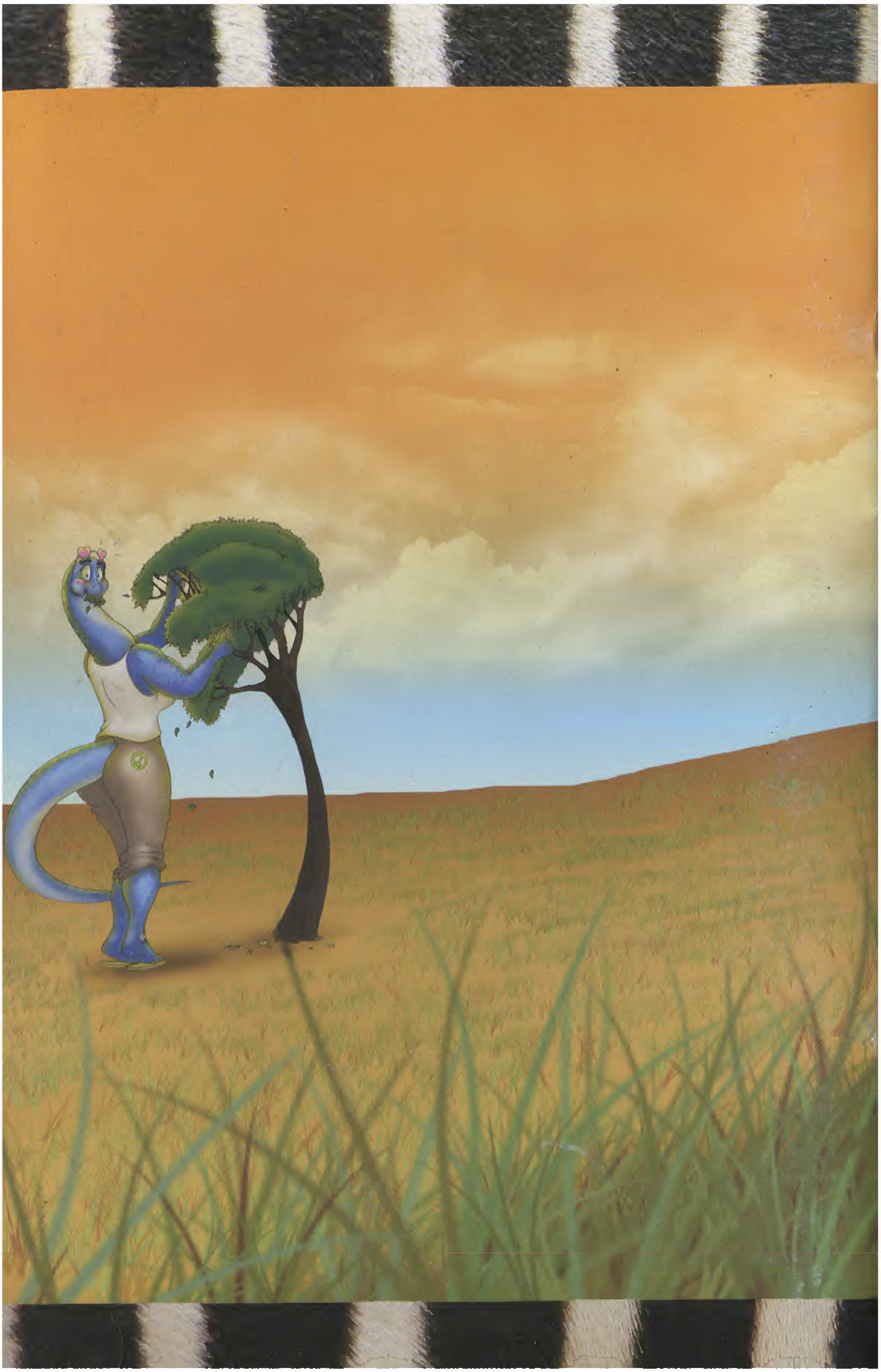
NEW TOLL-FREE CONVENTION HOTLINE!

LISTEN TO LATEST SCHEDULE FOR EVENTS.
LEARN ABOUT LOCAL FOOD LOCATIONS AND RESTAURANT HOURS.
HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON BY THE SCRATCHING POST.

OR.. TALK TO A DEDICATED CONVENTI

MARTIN 09



CALIFUR.5
ON SAFARI!

IRVINE MARRIOTT
JUNE 5 - 7. 2009